Perfect Possession

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Perfect Possession

by PockyGhost

Summary

For Insomniac2010's prompt of "...I would love to read a piece in this series where we see Hannibal feeling jealous/possessive..."

Will has been absent from the house lately, and Hannibal tries to figure out why.

Notes

I might tackle the latter part of Insomniac2010's prompt later, but I love jealous Hannibal and couldn't resist. Sorry this took a month! My other prompts will be posted as they're done :)

The random murder of a violent drunkard was hardly big news. It was mentioned in one local newspaper, and nowhere else. The policed believed it to be a crime of passion but couldn't link anyone in specific to the crime. Hannibal was quite proud of this-- it was the first time it was necessary for him to confuse the police at a murder scene. He need not to have worried, they were all completely under his control.

Will had played his part well, and spent nearly the entire first month in tears and crying for Hannibal. With no close family, it was relatively easy to convince his aunt and uncle to adopt the boy. They spent many blissful years together, Hannibal opting to stay at home during university, and then it started. His child began to spend less time at home, became distracted, and it took Hannibal an unforgivable amount of time to realize this change with his course load and volunteer positions distracting him. It was only an off-hand comment by Chiyo which bright it to his attention.

As soon as he was made aware, Hannibal tried his best to reconnect to Will without seeming overbearing. He moved around his schedule so that he could have breakfast with Will in the morning, and the first hour that Will should be back from school to spend time together and help with studies. Instead, Hannibal saw his lovingly made breakfasts rushed through and unsavored, his boy leaving much before it was needed. The hour that he had worked so hard to get for when Will got home was wasted time, as the child did not come home during it. As these days became a week, and then two, Hannibal seethed and plotted. No child of his, no matter how precious, would get away with being so rude. Will needed to be taught a lesson. But first, Hannibal had to find out what had led his boy astray.

So he followed Will to school after more than half of his protein scramble was left to cool on his plate and found the boy meeting with a group of children his own age. They greeted Will familiarly with pats on his back from some and coy looks from others. Will had made friends.

It was not that Hannibal had never expected the boy to interact with people other than himself, but he had believed that he would always come first in Will's eyes. As anger rose in his throat and numbed his extremities, he wondered if this sense of abandonment was what led Will's father to abuse. Abandoned by his wife, and then his own child. Hannibal could see how that would drive a man to violence.

He waited, after crossing the street to be on the same side as the school, and patiently reined in his feelings. It was a novel experience, to hold back jealousy and watch Will charm his classmates just as Hannibal had taught him. He had shown Will how to endear himself to people so that they could be together forever, not so Will could make friends and leave him. Hannibal's grip on the iron bars of the school fence was so tight it hurt. When the bell rang and students started to make their way to class, he let go and walked to Will and his group.

Will caught sight of him before the other children and looked chagrined to be caught interacting with his inferiors, as well he should. "William," Hannibal called the boy over. At his full first name, Will became even sorrier a sight. His shoulders hunched up and he looked up through his lashes at Hannibal and he walked over. Will's friends looked back at him and shouted that he was going to be late for class, but kept walking in without hm. Will didn't look back once.

"Hannibal," the boy's voice implored. Hannibal didn't answer, but he didn't step back either, and so Will came even closer and hugged him around the waist in full view of all the students around them. Hannibal hugged him back.

"You've been gone from the house quite a lot, I've heard," Hannibal said.

"So have you," Will accused, and suddenly the reticent behavior and avoidance became clear to Hannibal. Despite his best efforts, Will was feeling neglected.

Not all of his anger dissipated, for surely he had raised Will better than to be so passive aggressive when it came to their relationship, but he was newly sympathetic to his boy. "I will try to spend more time at home then, and so will you."

Will nodded against his stomach, pulling part of his shirt out from its tucked position in his pants with the up and down motion of his head. As the child breathed in and out, puffs of heat and moisture saturated Hannibal's shirt, but a new wetness was spreading from higher up. Hannibal realized that Will was crying seconds before the salty tang of tears reached his nose.

He cradled the boys head even closer to his body. "Hush now, you know you could have come to me for this and avoided the misunderstandings between us. Any hurts that have been caused were by your own hand, and now you know what to do next to you need something, yes?"

"Yeah," Will replied welty, "next time I should just come to you."

"That's right," Hannibal replied. He smiled adoringly down to his boy just as Will looked up. "Now go to class," he said, and Will wiped his eyes firmly and ran off to class, looking back several times to smile and wave.

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